

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD



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LEADING ARTICLES:

Island Itinerating by Motor-boat.

Margaret Hess.

With the Red Triangle in Egypt.

D. M. Lyall.

“But He was a Leper.”

M. L. Swinehart.

The Apostle of the Sheet-Tract.

C. A. Clark, D. D.

The Demand for Christian Literature.

Gerald Bonwick.

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GENERAL CLASS FOR WOMEN, PYENG YANG.

THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

A Monthly Journal of Christian Progress

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VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1918

No. 5

Editorial Notes.

KOREA being a Peninsula has not only an extensive sea coast, but also numerous islands lying off the coast necessitating that some of our itinerators must make their circuits by boat. This of itself would have been no hardship but for the additional fact that in numerous cases the ebb of the tide unveils extensive mud flats near the islands. To have one's boat hopelessly stuck in the mud until flood tide lifts and floats it, or to be imprisoned on an island, when one's work is completed and he is all ready to depart, by vast unnavigable stretches of mud, has been a serious handicap, hitherto demanding careful nautical observation to escape being victimized by time and tide which wait for no man. This vexing problem is being happily solved by the motor boat through whose aid sufficient time is "made" to insure the avoidance of mud flats and the keeping of appointments promptly. Nevertheless all is not gold that glitters, especially at first sight, as Miss Hess clearly shows when she permits us, in our first article, to accompany her on the trial of the "Messenger."

THAT Korea Missions have been wonderfully blessed of God appears from the fact that one third of all converts won from heathenism by the missions of the Presbyterian Church, North, have been gained from Korea. The distinguishing characteristic of Korean missions is Bible study in general and Bible Study Classes in particular. As there is a grasshopper theology so there may be a grasshopper preaching and Bible study the perils of all of which are avoided by a system of Bible Study Classes. In this issue we are introduced by Mr. Blair to a Women's General Bible Class numbering nine hundred and by Dr. Swallen to a Men's General Bible Class of twice that size.

ALL Christians have rejoiced in the record of The Young Men's Christian Association in the "Huts" of the military camps of the world. The Public has more than indorsed the Association's achievements in that being asked for \$35,000,000 for enlargement of the work, it responded with \$50,000,000. The efficient supply of the vital needs of the boys at the front, deeply appreciated by affectionate parents and dear friends, is the explanation of the eloquent indorsement. To listen to a stranger recite experiences in this blessed work is good, but to have them described by one of our own missionaries, Mr. Lyall, is better. We do not wonder that he advises missionaries to spend, as he did, their furloughs in this work.

OUR introduction by Mr. Swinehart to Kook Soonie, a Korean young man twenty-two years old, the son of a Christian home, having a trained mind, strong faith and abounding hope of efficiently serving his people as a skilled physician, who awoke one morning to find himself married to a living death, that he was a leper, is as pathetically tragic an episode as one can read or even imagine, save that hope is not utterly barred out. How does that appear? We reply that the Scriptures admit of divorce for a single cause; yes, and of divorce from leprosy for a single cause, "The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous." Do you not remember Naaman? That was a long time ago? Time does not limit God. Further, this case recalls that of Miss Reed, a missionary to India who, in 1906, or thereabout, while at home on furlough was pronounced a leper and was practically banished from friends and the homeland to India. That case excited the interest of Christendom and prayer was generally offered for Miss Reed who recovered normal health. Will not all our readers unite in presenting Kook Soonie's case to God? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

NOT long ago a member of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions suggested to a Korean missionary that at the close of the world war now being waged, in all probability, manifold and great doors of opportunity for the enlargement of foreign mission work will open wide and that those missions alert and prepared, will reap the most abundant entrance for harvest. To state the thought more fully.—

THE men at the front, as never before, include the intelligent class. Under sobering conditions they have abundance of time to think thoughts and to exchange ideas relative to the causes which developed the war. It is probable that putting this, that and other things together they will conclude that in the past the national has too much overshadowed the international, entailing belatedness, panic and mutual human trampling. In other words they will have come to think broadly, deeply and wisely because in world terms. Multitudes whose careers in the realm of peace were rudely interrupted by the world catastrophe will be anxious to put in what of their lives remains to them to the very best advantage,—among such will be teachers, clergymen, physicians and nurses, the very classes whom Foreign Missions eagerly wait to welcome. And can these lack financial backing by their men of affairs, comrades and those who tarried at home "by the stuff?" Since enough of the spirit of foreign missions would have rendered the war impossible and alone can insure permanent peace, do not the lovers of foreign missions do well to "lengthen their cords and to strengthen their stakes?" Looking toward the close of the war and as a welcome to these multiplied opportunities for enlargement which it is expected to usher in, the leaders of the medical branch of mission work in Korea are very carefully preparing a budget which honored, will worthily meet the requirements of this great department of our work.

Island Itinerating by Motor-Boat.

By MARGARET HESS.

Cholera in the district had delayed our itinerating so, in order to reach all the eighty meeting places, it was necessary to "make hay" while the sun shone—and sometimes by moonlight as well. After a week's continuous travel and visitation on the mountainous southern Kangwha circuit, one bright frosty morning Miss Raabe and I started for a nearby circuit which is scattered over several small islands. A brisk breeze set the waters dancing in such a manner as to make me inwardly quake at the thought of having to steer that newly acquired motor-boat through such boisterous waves. That being my first trip as "captain of a ship" I knew that the passengers were all secretly holding their breath and not trusting me in the least. Soon, however, we swung around the head of an island into quiet seas. The people on shore had not heard such a noisy boat before so they came running from all directions to see the queer combination pass by.

In good time we came to the foot of the little village where I expected to pick up the Bible woman. She had not received my letter so was not awaiting us as I had planned. Thus far I had never traveled without the Bible woman to help me conduct the services. This was a dilemma! However, since time was so precious I decided not to wait for her but "try my own wings." We cranked up the engine and were soon gliding over a smooth sea to an island about six miles away. Within a few rods of a white, shell-covered beach we came suddenly upon a place where two seas met. The water was swirling and foaming. Instantly that boat began doing things I had never seen a boat do before! It began to back, then suddenly the current struck it broadside and we were whirled half way round. In a moment it was dashing off in the opposite direction at a perilous rate. I threw my full weight against the tiller and for once in my life I was glad there was plenty of avoirdupois at my command—and forced the boat around again

into the right direction. The little motor struggled along and inch by inch pulled us out of that horrid patch of whirlpools into the more quiet waters between the current and the shore. Soon we had prepared and eaten our lunch and were off down the island. By-and-by we came to a village where there is much zeal among the Christians. They wanted us to stop a while but I told them we would make them a hasty call in the afternoon on our way back to the boat. That as we must get to another island for the evening service I must go on to a church at the other end of this island. In the meantime I asked them please to meet at the church so that we could have our service and the Home Study Course examinations as soon as I had returned. About four in the afternoon I came back to find they had decided that after all I wasn't so very busy and would of course stay over night in their village. They had postponed the meeting until the regular time at seven-thirty.

Imagine the situation! Our load was at the foot of a mountain over which we had to pass. The distance was too great to send and have it brought over that night. There was nothing for us to do but to call the people together, as quickly as possible have the meeting and go on to the boat in which our load had been left. After reaching the shore we debated whether to go on or not because darkness had gathered and I felt hesitation at starting out. Had there been any comfortable nearby place for our helpers to have spent the night Miss Raabe and I would have put up our cots and slept on the beach. It seemed there was nothing to do however but to go on. Our helpers had eaten but we had not; the supper was ready when we reached the boat but since it was late we planned to take it on board and eat it when we were safely on the way. The half moon came up over the crest of the mountain just as the motor started. All was going beautifully

when suddenly the boat was caught in a cross current and we were whirled about sidewise and were being quickly carried off toward the rocks. By the faint moonlight I saw our peril. I turned on the full power and again threw all my strength against the tiller. I prayed as I had never prayed before not only that the Lord would guide us into safer waters, but also that He would give me more wisdom than ever to start off on such a wild night ride again.

Little by little the nose of the "Messenger" swung around and again began to point in the right direction. Before a great while we were sailing happily along. In about fifteen minutes a stiff breeze came up and the sea became choppy. The tiny wavelets grew quickly into waves to be reckoned with. I was once more in the midst of a lecture to myself on the wisdom of "making haste slowly" when that motor very calmly ceased to chug! The boatman sprang up in alarm crying, "We'll never get to shore if I have to row, for we are just coming into another strong current." With all the patience at my command I urged him to subside. I said there was no need for fear, that only the gasoline had burned out. I reached for my tool basket, took out the electric flash, turned it toward the motor—and it wouldn't flash! What should I do! Light or no light that tank had to be filled, and at once. We had a lantern so the man held it high while I poured the gasoline, fearful every moment lest the whole thing should blow up. Finished, I began to set the screws then turned the crank. No response. Again I tried, and the propeller gave a feeble kick then stopped. A third trial proved a bit more successful; the motor made a few revolutions and backfired, then a few more and backfired, but did not stop. From all over the boat came suggestions which,—of course to my mature knowledge of gasoline engines,—were hopelessly wild. Of course I was frightened and being at the helm felt the responsibility and gravity of the situation as no one else could. It was getting to be more than mortal flesh could stand,

so I told them all, (the Missionary included) in a voice that must have smacked of the frost of "Greenland's icy mountains," that I didn't want another person on board to speak until we were safely landed.

Relations became strained. Miss Raabe sat bolt upright clinging to the side of the boat with one hand while with the other she held a stewpan of oyster soup in a vicelike grip. It is still a marvel to me how she so skilfully manipulated that soup pan as to keep the contents all under the lid. The others sat about clinging wherever they could get a grip on anything that didn't jump as the boat went careening over or plowing through those waves. About ten o'clock, after what seemed ages to me, we drew into quiet waters and I turned off the power. We were out of danger and I was too weak to grasp that tiller. Another moment I told the boatman to try the oar for the rest of the trip which was not more than ten minutes. When we landed every one in the party seemed weak but not from seasickness—we had all been too badly frightened to think of the usual formalities of a boat trip!

When we reached the house in which we were to spend the night I sent the helpers off to bed and said I would prepare the supper and make the beds on the floor—that seemed the quickest route to quietness. The oyster soup was very acceptable even though it had had such a churning. Miss Raabe and I were both too much excited to sleep at once, so discussed what could possibly have gone wrong. By and by I fell asleep and when I wakened stiff and sore in every joint and muscle, my first thought was that after having filled the tank in the excitement of it all, I had forgotten to open the gasoline valve, so the motor had been running on only about half the usual amount of gasoline. The experiences of the following day proved my theory to be correct.

General Class for Women at Pyeng Yang.

By WM. N. BLAIR.

About nine hundred women came to Pyeng Yang to study in the General Class of March. There are old women and young, middle aged women and girls, women in silk and women in coarse cotton, women with bundles on their heads and babies on their backs, women footsore from many weary miles of rough roads, alone and in groups of two, four or half a dozen, all pouring into the Bible Institute on the opening day. There a committee of Korean women meets them and helps them to find homes, as the dormitories accommodate but a few.

Any woman from the two hundred and seventy odd groups under the care of Pyeng Yang station (Presbyterian) may come to the city at this time, have ten days of Bible Study, see all the foreign *Pooeens* (ladies) and get the inspiration which comes from worship and communion with a multitude of believers. All are country women, a class for city women being held later, and all pay all their expense

of board and travel as well as a small tuition fee.

Enrolling takes most of the first day. There are seven divisions. The beginners are taught reading, Mark's gospel and a Bible catechism. The work of the seventh grade is varied so as to be always new. A certificate is given for good work which is handed in the next year and admits to the next higher division, if the baby hasn't eaten it up in the meantime.

Once during the class each of the missionary ladies invites the women from her husband's country district to her home and the women have tea and cake and hear the Victrola and see the American home.

Ten days pass quickly and again the compound is full of women packing bundles and saying tearful good-byes. Only ten days! But it has meant a broadening of hundreds of lives, inspiration for better service in hundreds of hearts and a deepening of spiritual life in hundreds of souls.

The Men's Bible Class at Syen Chun.

By W. L. SWALLEN.

It was my rare privilege this year to attend the large Bible Class for men at Syenchun which regularly meets the first week of the Korean New year. I rejoice to note the continued development along many lines of the wonderful work of the Lord in the north. Many of the men came long distances and showed by the light of their countenances the work of grace in their hearts. The class was held for eight days,—a busy eight days indeed. From 9 A. M. until 3 P. M. and then from 7 P. M. until far into the night, they kept up a faithful study of the Word of God.

From 3 P. M. until supper was the recreation hour, and recreate they did. Committee meetings, tennis, and sight-see. The academy building was turned into a museum. There was

an exhibition on, and the work of the various lower schools, Christian and government, were in evidence. Even such bulky things as live stock; turkeys, chickens, pigs,—great porkers,—the dairy herd, thorough-breds, half-breds and non-breds, all to show by contrast the utility of good breeding,—all educative. The boys' academy rooms and halls were hung full of artistic designs in a grand display showing the work of the children in the lower schools. At times explanatory lectures were given by different students of the Syenchun academy. One of these was given to a large audience in the North church on the subject of "Music." The speaker revealed great tact and ability as well as a surprising knowledge of the subject. This was not only very inter-

esting but most instructive. Thus at this opportune time the work of the whole Station was made to help to interest and arouse enthusiasm in the different activities of the place, so that in addition to the particular study of the Bible, the Christians from all over the country got a little insight of what the schools were doing for the children, and also a little opening of their eyes as to some of the possibilities before the present generation which is now growing up. This was good recreation and wholesome, and may furnish a reason in the days to come, when it is asked why the people of the north are more energetic, enterprising and well to do than elsewhere. The industrial work at Syenchun with Dr. McCune at its head may be the sufficient reply.

The first part of each evening was taken up with an evangelistic service in the North Church. From eighteen hundred to two thousand people were gathered there every night and packed in, literally packed, and some evenings hundreds were turned away because there was no room for them. These meetings were addressed by Korean pastors and foreign missionaries. The interest was so great that one could not be present without catching the inspiration, and feeling the power of the Holy Spirit's presence. A noticeable fact was the presence every night of practically all of the foreign clerical missionaries.

The meetings opened with a powerful address by the pastor of the South Church, the Rev. Syukchang Kim, on the subject of "Equipment and Fidelity in Service." It was a message of power and spoken direct from the heart, with no special preparation either, as his address was a substitute owing to the failure of the appointed speaker to appear. It sounded the note that rang through all the succeeding meetings. Three messages on the Victorious Life were well received. These great meetings in which the very atmosphere was charged with the Spirit of God lifted the men of the class to higher planes of Christian life and devotion and will bear fruit in the years to come.

Dr. McCune had charge of every morning prayer service. These were very blessed meetings. One incident might be mentioned. Suddenly one night the good Dr. experienced an attack of rheumatism so severe that he could not dress himself alone in the morning. With the aid of his wife he got up but was not able to walk erect, and his arms were so cramped he could not lift them. Most men in his condition would have thought it reason sufficient to remain in bed; however, he managed to wriggle down to the church, and in agony as to how to speak without the use of his arms, and wondering how he should be able to make his audience understand without the use of them, he just prayed and trusted. Then the moment he arose to speak he found that every restriction was removed and he had the freest possible use of his limbs. And he was able to make them understand. And, praise the Lord, his rheumatism was gone, and gone for good, too.

It was a great joy to me to meet again the pastors and helpers whom I had taught in the Theological Seminary and once more talk over with them the blessed messages of the Revelation. I also had a class of intelligent church leaders with whom I discussed the Church problems as recorded in the 1st to the Corinthians.

The enrollment fee at the class was 7 cents. There were tickets sold to the number of 1730, and one day there were actually counted in class 1878 studying. So, according to the very lowest estimate, there were more than 2,000 in attendance at the class, as there are always a number who can only remain for a few days and do not enroll.

At one of the evening meetings after reports and a missionary address a collection was taken up for an evangelist, when yen 350, was raised from the class. At another evening meeting after the announcement of the misfortune which the Korean missionaries to China met with in the destruction of their dwelling by fire, it was suggested that a collection be taken right then and there. That is the way they do things in Syenchun. The opportunity was given and yen 50 was collected for that object.

An indication of the work that was actually being done at the class, apart from the special study of the Word, may be seen from the announcements that were made at each evening meeting. It required from 15 to 30 minutes each evening just to announce the appointments of committees,—leaders' meetings, officers' meetings, and other meetings of various kinds that were to convene immediately after the evening service. In addition to the regular studies one would think there was business enough being done to satisfy an ordinary General Assembly.

A great Station is this Syenchun. I would like to speak of its women's work and the medical work, its efficiency department, &c., but space will not permit, only I would not dare to close without mentioning their hospitality.

They receive you with smiles and warm you with courteous affection; one loves to go there and always finds it hard to leave. The Syenchun site is beautiful for situation with mountains all about it. Some years ago a passer-by was caught with the inspiration of the place and wrote his sentiment in rhyme. I found it in their quaint old archives among the relics of the past. I'll quote a sample.

"Syenchun is like Jerusalem with mountains all around;

Beautiful for situation, no better could be found.

Among these rocky mounds of clay the people hither throng,

From Dragon Back to Tai Mok San, a fortress high and strong.

Now here the Syenchun Station too is driving in her stakes,

She looks around the sites to view, and what she wants she takes."

With the Red Triangle in Egypt.

By D. M. LYALL.

One of the surprises of the war in British communities has been the success of the work which the Y. M. C. A. has done among the troops of many nations. It was my privilege to spend a considerable portion of my furlough in the service of the Y. M. C. A. in Egypt and as there are probably many missionaries who know as little about the war activities of the Association as I did when I went on furlough this article is offered for their partial enlightenment.

When I arrived in Egypt in September, 1916, the second and last Turkish threat against the Suez Canal had just been launched and dealt with at Romani in the Sinai Peninsula, 25 miles east of Kantara, which is a small town on the Canal. The Canal banks were at that time strongly occupied by British Territorials. So also was the railway line which now connects Cairo with Jerusalem; but which then was advancing across the desert at the rate of a mile a day. The railhead was then near Romani. In advance of this were mounted troops from Australia, New Zealand and England. The Y. M. C. A. was serving all these men. As the

Canal defences were fixed and semi-permanent, matting huts about 100 feet long by 36 feet broad were erected at almost every place where there was an infantry brigade, actually every four or five miles along certain sections of the Canal. Big marquees accommodated the troops further away along the railway line and in the desert outposts. As the advance continued the Y. M. C. A. also went along the road that had seen Abraham, Isaac and Jacob on their journeys to and from Egypt, the great world conquerors down to Napoleon and the greatest Conqueror of all when His parents fled with Him from the wrath of Herod. Just before I left Australia to return to Korea a cable was received from the supervising secretary in Egypt asking for the money for four huts for Palestine.

The best work of the Association that I saw was done in the huts along the banks of the Suez Canal. For many months the men were living in something like garrison conditions, but mostly at a distance from the attractions of town life. They had their regular parade hours outside of which they were free to spend

their time as they liked. Officers and N. C. Os. had their mess huts and were not so hardly put to it to find occupation and amusement; but the leisure time of the men was not officially provided for. The result was that when parade hours and meal times were over, streams of men were to be seen making their way to the Y. M. C. A. hut where the life and activities of the camp were focussed. Morning, afternoon and evening the canteen was opened and men went there for refreshments; in the heat of the day limejuice, at night cocoa, and at all times rolls and butter, cake and doughnuts. Tinned fruits and fish, chocolate and other sweet things were very popular. Toilet articles, all sorts of polishes and brushes and many other things were on sale. The volume of business at times was large. One day away up in the desert in a marquee I was in charge of an amount equal to four thousand five hundred yen was taken over the counter. It was a privilege that one valued to be able to supply weary men with refreshment in the wilderness.

The British soldier is a great man for a song, especially if it is the latest from London (originally manufactured, by the way, in all probability in the United States). Concerts were organized about once a week and were always sure to draw a crowd. The standard of performance was surprisingly good and officers and men who knew how to entertain were wonderfully good natured in coming forward to amuse their comrades. The comedian was most popular of course; but pathos, or bathos (it did not seem to me to matter much which) got a good reception. The audience, however, exercised discrimination and did not hesitate to "give the bird" (its own expression) to a performer who failed to please. As it was "such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look on one another next morning" it was all to the good, and though I did not regard the concerts as our highest form of activity they and our movies were perhaps the most popular.

The conditions under which the men were living were quite favourable to well consider-

ed attempts to develop them intellectually. There they were in a land which abounded in historical associations, with their faces turned towards that other country in which the scene of so much of the Bible was laid. As often as possible lectures were arranged and information given on a very wide range of subjects. Each hut also had its library of which good use was made. Literary competitions showed that among the men there were many who had thoughts which they knew how to express in both prose and verse.

One of the mottoes displayed in my hut was "write that letter home." Many hundreds of thousands of anxious relatives in the home lands have had reason to bless the Y. M. C. A. for the letter writing facilities it has provided for the troops. I don't think I have ever seen a hut open when some men have not been there writing letters on the paper provided gratis by the Y. M. C. A. Out of parade hours and on Sundays all the writing accommodation was fully taken up. The post speaks of "the kindred points of heaven and home" and one certainly felt that the more the men wrote their letters home the less likely would they be to embark on courses of action which would cause their home folk to be ashamed of them.

The needs which men principally seem to feel in war areas are for creature comforts and amusement; but their great real need is the realization of the love of God in Jesus Christ. The Y. M. C. A. is trying in all its manifold activities to show forth that love and among other ways it takes opportunities from time to time from its platform to proclaim that love in words. Every Sunday and Wednesday evening voluntary services are held. They are simple and informal. For instance the hymns are mostly chosen by the men themselves and brevity is the order of the day. The one thing demanded from the speaker is reality. I used to notice that if a speaker really had anything to say it did not matter who he was or in what form he presented his matter; every letter writer and other man in the hut would cease what he was doing and listen to what was be-

ing said. The most popular preacher in one camp was a former jockey from a well known racing stable in England. He told me once that he had ridden winners and later preached the gospel on the same courses in England. Regular Bible study and devotional meetings were carried on in the special devotional tents which have been attached to every Association centre. One thing I noted was that as the men got nearer and nearer to the front line they were more responsive to the gospel invitation. New Testaments were there eagerly sought for by men who on the Canal stood aloof from anything like open profession of faith. Many men in Sinai found the door into the Kingdom through the evening service in the Y. M. C. A. marquee.

There are many reasons why the Association has been so successful in its war work. I would write of three.

(1) It is being carried on efficiently. In Egypt the Y. M. C. A. had no official recognition, and the secretaries were civilians with no rights with regard to rations or water or transport or anything else. Actually they were on velvet because they got everything they needed and were freed from all irksome military restraint. They got all they asked for because it was realized that they were working efficiently and without waste. A highly placed medical officer who lately returned from Europe to Melbourne testified that there had been no failures in connection with the Y. M. C. A. The high command in Egypt showed what they thought of the Association when they asked, in the summer of 1917, that it should conduct the rest camps on the Mediterranean which had previously been carried on by the military authorities themselves. Because of the efficient management of the war activities of the Association, men who care little for the spiritual part of its programme have been willing to give large financial support because they knew that the last penny of value will be extracted out of every pound they give.

(2) It meets a felt need. Let the men speak for themselves. Often as I chatted with the

men in the evening they would say "However did men get on in former wars when there wasn't any Y. M. C. A.?" The answer is that they did not get on at all. They got into mischief. Now-a-days where the Red Triangle huts are, army crime is reduced to a minimum. Men going to outposts always asked if there were a hut in the post to which they were going and were elated or depressed according as the reply was in the affirmative or negative. An officer told me that men getting C. B. (which by the way is not a military decoration, but means confinement to barracks) always asked "Does that mean that I may not go to the Y. M. C. A., sir?" I was especially impressed by the testimony of one man who spoke to me one night as the hut was emptying. He said "Say what you like, life in a military camp in a demoralizing thing and it is a great thing to have a place like this where we can come and get reminders of Church and home life in England." An infantry brigade was plugging wearily along one day across the sands of Sinai 75 miles from the Canal, when on breasting a sand hill they caught sight of a big Y. M. C. A. sign two miles away. The officers afterwards told me that once the men saw the sign their weariness vanished and they came along with lightened steps. Men who had been on a desert column for a week told me on their return that as they marched along they amused themselves by picking out likely spots for Y. M. C. A. huts.

(3) It is based on good-will. Most of a soldier's life is prescribed for him and discipline is the atmosphere he breathes. In his hours of relaxation he turns with relief to a place which is non-official, presided over by a man with whom he may have the informal relationship that he is accustomed to in peace time. As far as canteens are concerned there are others to which he may go, but the Y. M. C. A. is the one he prefers. The reason is that in other canteens, he is met on a strictly official footing. No attempt is made to "serve" him in a Christian sense. On one occasion I discussed with the sergeant in charge of such

a canteen the best way of dealing with some extra work for the troops which was coming upon us as the result of the expulsion from the camps east of the Canal of the Greeks and Egyptians. He summed up what his share would be in the words, "I don't know what you are here for; but we are not here to kill ourselves." The Association work for the troops may have its defects; but one who knows it from the inside can truthfully affirm

that running right through its varied activities is a very real spirit of helpfulness which leads the secretaries to think of those they serve before they think of themselves and which makes for very cordial relationships between them and the men. Any missionary wanting to spend a pleasant and useful furlough during this present war is recommended to try for a Y. M. C. A. secretaryship. I am going again on my next furlough.

Back on The Job.—II.

By C. L. PHILLIPS.

It seems to me that I have never seen such beautiful autumnal scenery. We had a change of scene every day. First we had the deep crimson scruboaks and the golden and scarlet maples of Tukchyun and Yungwon, and all through October there was an ever changing scene from day to day as we followed along the banks of some roaring little mountain brook with the rugged and lofty mountains on either side, all clothed in one grand coat of many colors. The last day of October, coming out from Yungwon county we crossed over the great "Horizontal Brook" Pass in an all day rainstorm. As we neared the summit of the Pass the rain turned to snow and on the top we had our first experience of the year of a real snappy little blizzard. And from that day on, during the pleasant days of November, as we itinerated down in the lower hills of Maing-San we looked back every day and could see the snow glistening in the sunlight on all those higher mountains with their caps sparkling white and their bodies still clad in the brilliant garments of autumn leaves.

In the county seat of Yungwon I had my first experience with an Eastern doctor. Suffering from a severe sore throat which had almost prevented my preaching on Sunday, I went on Monday morning to the office of the doctor and asked for some kind of gargle to

relieve it. He had me take off my shoes and sit down on a mat on the floor. He asked my name, age, profession, nationality and present place of residence. With these preliminaries he took up my case. "Sore throat, so desuka." Then for the next 45 minutes he gave me the most searching looking over and looking through and looking down that I have ever had in my life. I have been punched and pommelled and examined several times by Dr. Bovaird, the medical Examiner of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the U. S. A., but this man made Dr. Bovaird's work look like the examination paper of a medical student at the end of his freshman year. He left nothing undone. It was regular accommodation service such as they only have on the Erie Railroad from New York to Buffalo. He started out from Bronchitis and he made long stops at Pneumonia and Tuberculosis and all the way stations. He rubbed, he tapped, he punched, he looked through a telescope, he scattered his instruments all over the floor. He worked like a Trojan to run that thing down to its last analysis. He whistled through his teeth, he sucked in his breath. And he finally ended the whole operation by giving me a cup of tea, offering me a cigarette, pouring me out a little bottle of medicine and charged me the startling sum of seven and one half cents for all

professional services and medical supplies rendered. It was 45 long minutes of anxiety for me. From the troubled and anxious look on the doctor's face and the minuteness of detail of the examination I had fears that my last hour had come. But with the bill paid and the departure from the office I was greatly relieved to know that I only had a sore throat. I followed directions in Japanese, and much to my relief the medicine did its work and I was able to do all my work after that. I am thankful for that competent doctor even though he did give me such a scare.

I must tell you about Mrs. Kim of "Bridge Town." She is a woman who has lived for years in sin as the concubine of an old wealthy man in Maingsan. She has a daughter who is a cripple. In the mother's efforts to do something for the child she took her a year ago to the town of Kaichyun and had her operated on at the government hospital there. While boarding outside in one of the taverns of the town Mrs. Kim was spoken to one day by the elder in the church. For the first time she learned of Jesus Christ. The invalid child was not cured but they both went back to Maingsan with something more precious in their heart—a knowledge of the Great Physician. The old woman vowed that the rest of her life should be spent in grateful service to Jesus Christ who had saved her soul. The first step that she tried to take was to get herself freed from her unlawful husband. But circumstances did not permit her leaving his home immediately. Then she set herself about another task equally as hard, that of learning to read and write. She is about fifty years old, and all these months she walked seven miles to the nearest church attending all the services and ever enquiring into the meaning of the Christian faith. While in Maingsan I met this woman for the first time. She came before the

helper and me and told her story, leaving nothing uncovered. Others vouched for it too. She showed us how she had learned to read and write. She told us that she had at last gained permission to leave the man with whom she had lived so long. She had arranged to have her property separated and entirely sold apart from his. Then she asked us to find her some place to live in some far off district. Before leaving that territory the helper and I made arrangements for this woman and her crippled daughter to go to live in a large town where there is only one Christian home. She wants to go and work among the unbelieving women there. She had not yet been baptized because until this fall she was not released from her heathen bondage. I expect to baptize her next spring. She is a woman of unusual faith and Christian experience and already she has gone far beyond the average Korean woman who has been baptized and admitted to the church. This wrinkled old woman with the crippled child has found a blessed Saviour and Peace. There is no longer anxiety about the little girl. She has been placed in the Lord's hands completely. Old Mrs. Kim has given her life and all that she has to the Lord and his service. She has attended some of the Pyengyang women's classes already and this fall she is following about from place to place the two Pyenygang Korean women whom Mrs. Phillips has sent to teach in the women's Bible classes in our circuit. She pays her own expenses and sits at the feet of these graduated teachers and watches them as they conduct the classes and as they preach to the unbelieving women. She is doing this so that she may the more thoroughly learn to go out by herself and do likewise. I have never found anywhere in Korea a more striking case of conversion and of change in character than I found in this wrinkled old woman up there in the mountains.

The Missionary's Visit to a Church.—II.

By HARRY A. RHODES.

In addition to my former presentation there are some minor considerations which are ever present to the itinerating missionary and which are of more or less importance.

1. I like to have my Korean secretary along. I use him in the study of the language, in writing letters, in examination, in keeping the roll of membership of each church, in making out church letters, in keeping lists of church officers and their addresses in Chinese. On Sundays he is often of great value in Sunday school work and occasionally in preaching. He can often give me valuable hints as to the situation in any particular church. The church officials enjoy him also as he is a link between them and their outside world from which he brings many news items of interest, especially church news. If, as is often the case, he is a candidate for the ministry, his association with the missionary in visiting churches is like laboratory work for the chemist.

2. The selection of the room in which the missionary is to stay is of some importance. I never stay in the church building or place of meeting if it can be avoided; often the church building is cold and damp, and hard to heat, and making a dresser out of the pulpit and a washstand out of the pulpit seat is not conducive to piety. Moreover the missionary's collection of boxes, bed and bedding, pans, kettles, dishes, etc., is too much of a drawing card for the curious. But more important than this is the fact that you are not in a quiet place for examinations, officers' meetings and conference. While the missionary is finishing up this part of the work just before the evening meeting a crowd must wait outside and sometimes in the the cold and rain. It is much better to be in a private house nearby or in some room attached to the church building, and usually it can be so arranged. In a small group where it cannot be so arranged the only thing to do is to make the best of the situation with as much grace as possible.

3. It does seem reasonable that the missionary and those travelling with him should do as much preaching as possible en route and in the villages in which they stop. I used to go around with tracts and gospels and keep all in the party supplied and, if possible, before the evening meeting, have all get out and invite the people to service. Whether it is I am getting lazy or because of the lack of tangible results from past labors I find I am doing less and less of this kind of work. I reproach myself too. I still believe in and practice a good deal of preaching by the way. But at the evening stop there is often lack of time owing to church work; and besides the presence of a crowd of sight-seers is not helpful to the program of baptisms, administration of the Lord's Supper, election of officers etc., nor is it fruitful in getting new believers. It is my observation that decisions gotten under such circumstances in a one night-meeting are not very dependable. In new groups the presence of the missionary in the community is usually sufficient to attract some non-believers to the meeting. I have known cases in which the presence of the missionary and his helper for a few days in a non-Christian community has resulted in the starting of a new group, but I do not know of many permanent results being obtained "on the wing," one night in a place.

4. I have known some missionaries to hold extra prayer services, meet with the family where he is stopping for family worship, have a prayer service in the morning with the church officers before he starts, etc. I have done so, too, occasionally, but do not make a practice of working up such extra meetings. The family worship with the presence of the helper or secretary only is a better arrangement, as a rule, although I join of course when invited. A prayer meeting with the church officers the next morning requires waiting to get them together, when at best according to

the Korean way of doing things the starting to the next group is usually too late. Often in making the Sunday stop in a large group, I find the Saturday evening service impracticable. It seems more important to proceed with examinations, teachers' meeting, and conferences in order to get ready for the Sunday services.

5. Lastly the missionary must face the problem as to how much Korean food he will eat. If he enjoys it and it agrees with him there is no reason why he should not eat it. But on the other hand if he doesn't like it or if he finds that it does not agree with him there is no reason why he should eat it. I eat a little of it (mostly rice) and occasionally go to a Korean feast. But I have no reputation among the Koreans along this line and have no desire to compete with my fellow missionaries who have. A missionary said to me recently that he is a "pyungsin" (sickman) when it comes to eating Korean food. Being not always in the best of health he would be foolish to take chances. Recently on a country trip I was unexpectedly presented with some fine sweet corn boiled in the cob and just right for eating. As I was in the home of a well to do Korean family where everything seemed to be cleanly I thought it would be safe and enjoyed the treat. But the next day I developed a case of dysentery that sent me home for ten days and badly disarranged a Fall's itineration. The doctor says it was the corn that did it. He may have been mistaken. At any rate it is a safe guess that the next time I am thus tempted I will not indulge. The Kingdom of Heaven is not in eating and drinking; while it is true that the Koreans like to have you eat their food yet they are quite willing to overlook any short-comings of this kind. So often the Korean Christians are given to feasting to excess at ordinations, Bible Classes, and weddings that it is just as well if the missionary's lack of accomplishment in eating Korean food tends to make them more moderate in this respect.

Other matters that may be mentioned in passing are as follows:—I wear Korean poshun (socks) with trousers tied tight at the bottom as a protection. While stopping in each church I find this practice most convenient and comfortable and a saving of shoes. I regard a pair of good rubbers, an umbrella, and two or three "Yutan" (oil paper covers) as necessities in traveling. I have a corner in my box reserved for a small lamp. Since kerosene can be gotten anywhere in Chosen I am sure of a good light—and eyes are worth saving. I shave every day, not because I think the Koreans will care if I don't, but for my own comfort and because Dr. Patton in the Seminary told us to do so. I carry a little "Junior Tattoo" alarm clock that will get everybody up at just the right time for an early start and thus avoid banging around from midnight on because they are guessing at the time. And besides it is good company to hear it tick in my room.

I sleep with my door tied open if I can do so without freezing the rest of the people in the house. I am not afraid of "b. flats" or "f. sharps" either in sleeping or in singing but go ahead and do the best I can in spite of them. I drink only boiled water unless I can see the spring myself. I make my heathen mapu (horseman) go to church if I can and try to have him do his cigarette smoking when not in my presence. I accept with thanks pears, chestnuts, honey, eggs, and chickens if the latter are not too old and the former not too wormy.

In the case of chickens I try to "eat my ears" when they squawk and try not to blush when they run upon my arrival. If the chicken is presented dressed I try to persuade my cook to cut off the head and legs, and wash the body in clean water seven times.

I have thus written my beliefs, experiences and practices for whatever value they will be to anyone and with the hope that those who know better ways will come across and let us know what they are.

"But He Was a Leper."

By M. L. SWINEHART.

Kook Soonie graduated from the Mission Academy at Kunsan two years ago, and gave promise of becoming a useful man in our Christian work in Korea.

He was given employment in the Dispensary and Hospital at Soonchun, where for two years he labored faithfully, and was then selected to go as a student to Severance Medical College at Seoul.* Passing through Kwangju en route to Seoul ten days ago, he visited his father, who is a living witness to the power of the Gospel in the lives of the Koreans. The father, a talented man, now a teacher of Chinese Classics in the Boys' School, was radiant in his justifiable pride at the progress his son had made, and in the prospect of his becoming a graduate doctor. His future was thus assured, and opportunities for helping his countrymen were in this way given to him.

Kook Soonie, who is 22 years old, was reared in the atmosphere of a Christian home, and with his trained mind, supported by a strong faith, he stood out so prominently among even the best of our young men that it was a pleasure to give him a letter to the faculty of Severance Medical College, commending him to their especial care and attention.

Dr. Wilson was alarmed at certain symptoms the young man had recently developed, but allowed him to go to Seoul, where Dr. Oh, who is a Korean physician representing our Mission in Severance Hospital, and who had specialized in skin diseases could examine him and, if the fears which we entertained proved well grounded, could break the news to him.

Thinking the physical examination was a requirement to entrance into the College, he went before the physician, his beaming face bespeaking the joy in his heart, and his bright eyes telling very plainly that he was happy in his new surroundings and environment.

A short half hour later, as he came from the consultation room, he would not have been recognized as the same man; his form was bent, the bright expression had given way to a dazed, vacant stare, his hands clasped and unclasped in a helpless way while tears were coursing down his cheeks.

The diagnosis was as we had feared! He was doomed to worse than death! He could not remain in the College—he could not return home—he could not associate with his friends; even attendance upon the services of the church of which he was a faithful member was to be denied him from this hour. He must go through life shunned, avoided and call to his fellowmen whom he met, "Unclean, unclean," for Kook Soonie had been pronounced a leper!

Returning to Kwangju he found it impossible to tell the father all, saying only that he was ill. The missionary was asked to break the news of the boy's real condition, which meant blighted hopes, a marked family name, and the supreme test in the faith of a Korean Christian.

Father and son came together to my study, and as the former entered the door he waited for the boy to follow. Seeing him hesitate outside, the awfulness of the truth flashed through the parent's mind and with an indescribable look, as of one who had lost all, his eyes filled with tears, and in a voice broken by emotion, he asked; "Dare my son enter?"

He was invited inside and for two hours the father and son listened to words of comfort and advice from Mr. Preston, who had baptized both into church membership, and whom a kind Heavenly Father had ordered should be present at that time.

Arising from our knees the broken hearted father turned to his son and said, "The preacher is right. You must not see your mother. You must accept the offer of the doctor and go at once to the leper Hospital."

We, in Korea, have been spared the horrors of war, where brave attendants are constantly called to look upon the faces of the dead, but even that would seem easy compared to the call to comfort these living dead.

But their faith was not shaken, and as they went away together, I felt they knew better than we ever would, what Paul meant when he wrote to the church at Thessalonica, "Thou, therefore, endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

The Apostle of the Sheet Tract.

BY CHARLES ALLEN CLARK.

Last year was a year of quarter centennials when we were glad to honor the three Methodists and eight Presbyterians who had spent that time on the field, and to remember the nine yet older missionaries whose service is still longer.

From among these I want to add just a word about one, Rev. Frederick S. Miller, the "Apostle of the Sheet Tract." All of us believe in tracts more or less, but he probably has distributed more than any five men on the field. All over Kyung Keui and Choong Chung Provinces he has sown them and he is still doing it after twenty-five years of service. No one can guess how many souls those tracts have won or will win in time to come.

He has given us also one of the three longest lists of books and booklets among the publications of the Tract Society, and those books have been telling the Good News, too.

But most of all, his work has been that of an evangelist out in the field. Through all those years he has had some of the hardest fields in all Chosen, but through all the years he has stood faithfully by the work and, to use a football phrase, he has faithfully "bucked the line."

South Kyung Keui and Choong Chung have always been hard to work from the fact that they contain the country homes of the gentry who live in Seoul. There has been a thick upper crust, and a similar bottom crust, but little of the layer between.

In all of those heart breaking years before territorial division came, the field was a hotbed of "Hyupchup" (illegal oppression and "squeezing"). The Plymouth Brethren openly preyed upon his churches, and other denominations did so, too. There was no appearance of comity. Every man did what was right in his own eyes. It was awful. He came through it all and he *kept sweet, too*.

In 1907 he went to Chungju and, as the founder and senior of that Station, has been there till today. Other men in more easily worked fields have seen multitudes throng to their touch. He has "bucked the line." Many times some members of the Mission have shown themselves very unsympathetic towards the work down there. Some men would have thrown up the job and quit. He has gone on "bucking the line."

The Chungju city church has in it now more baptized members than any Presbyterian church in Seoul, save one, and the Province work too is not small.

Mrs. Miller arrived twenty eight years ago on the same boat as Dr. Moffett, and her service too, in the Girls' Academy in Seoul, and in the women's work everywhere, makes a record that we delight to honor.

I want to record my appreciation of the "Apostle of the Sheet Tract" and his wife, and, I know that in doing it, the great host of their friends all over Chosen will rise and say, "Amen."

Rev. M. Willis Greenfield, 1881-1917

BY E. W. KOONS.

The subject of this sketch was a Presbyterian minister by inheritance. His father, James Greenfield, was a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and his mother, Eliza Jane Maclean, was the daughter of another minister of the Free Church.

He came to Canada when still a boy, worked

his way through College and Theological Seminary, graduating from Syracuse University in 1904, and from Auburn Seminary in 1907, and receiving his commission from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in the Summer of the same year.

On the 9th of May, 1907, he was married to

Maude Elizabeth Saxe, a woman of rare gifts and charm. Their life in Seoul, where he was connected with the John D. Wells School for Training Christian Workers, was a period of useful and strenuous labor, crowned in January of 1910 by the birth of their only child, Willis Saxe. His mother was taken from the home a few days after his birth, and only the kind care of Mrs. S. L. Roberts saved the life of the motherless boy.

Mr. Greenfield's sister came out from the United States, and for the remainder of his stay in Seoul, kept his home open. In June, 1911, the three went to America, and after a furlough spent in study at New York University, Mr. Greenfield returned alone to Chosen, this time to Taiku.

From February, 1912, till December, 1914, he was actively engaged in country evangelistic work. He was given a large, and rather undeveloped territory, and at once threw into the work the energy and consecration that always characterized his efforts. It was soon the banner district of the Station, but he paid

heavily for this success. His health had been shaken during his service in Seoul by a long trip of exploration to the east coast, and the strain of his unremitting efforts was too much for a frame never really robust. He was taken down with dysentery while far from Taiku, and only the fact that Mr. Bruen went at once to him, and nursed him devotedly for a fortnight, saved his life. He never regained his full strength, and in December, 1914, went to America on sick leave.

Final recovery was always just ahead, and at times his friends even thought he would be back again at the work for which he longed. He was married to Miss Anna Rae Mills, also of Taiku, who was also at home on health leave, and they planned again to return, but the hope was a vain one.

He died at Ventnor, New Jersey, in the closing months of 1917, leaving the world poorer by the loss of a spirit at once indomitable and affectionate. One who knew him well said recently "He was the bravest man I ever knew" and many would join in this tribute.

Shocks and Shock Absorbers,—III.

Discharging the Cook.

BY W. P. PARKER.

Did I say there was no servant problem in the East? It I did it was back in my early days when I didn't know much, and what I said at that stage ought not to count. For there is a problem, or there was once in our house at any rate. You see, like most of our fellow workers, we find it pays to have servants, because they are about the cheapest commodity there is out here, and the missionary is needed for other work besides preparing meals and digging holes, and it does seem sensible to employ help. So we hired servants, and among others we obtained a man who called himself a cook. Since I have gone into his character and disposition at some length in another place, I need not dwell upon them again; suffice it to say that

he was a good fellow, an excellent fellow, and was calm and unmoved amidst all sorts of hardships and trials. However, he had one fault, just one fault, but this made him a problem, and made my wife worry considerably. It is true that one fault should be overlooked, and it was wrong in my wife to worry, but you see she had a kindergarten to superintend, and a young married women's school to run, and a Sunday School to oversee, and Bible teaching to prepare, and two classes in drawing to teach, and visiting to do among the women of the church, so in spite of herself this fault of the cook's did worry her considerably. I would come home from school late in the afternoon, and after much hunting find my wife in the kitchen (that is, I hunted once

or twice, after that I learned the way to her headquarters), and after she had prepared supper and we had partaken of the same we would go off and talk about the cook.

"We'll just have to get rid of him", she would say, "I just feel that I must tell him to leave tomorrow. He is such a case."

And I would say, "Well, there's nothing easier. Just speak the word. But really, what have you got against him? He seems always in a good humor."

"His humor is all right, but I don't believe he could boil an egg without making a failure of it. He can't make one solitary thing, and now we have him six months, and Mrs. L. trained him three years before that, and they say he used to cook for the miners."

And the next night we would have the same conversation over again, or perhaps my wife would feel a little better towards him, and say she had hopes, till at last one night she said:

"Well, Ko is hopeless. But I do hate to turn him out just so, because he is a good hearted fellow, and he has a family, and an awful scold of a mother-in-law. If he should lose his job they would all starve, and the old lady would never get through raking him over the coals. But I just cannot stand it. I must give him notice."

I thought this was a good idea, so after much discussion we agreed that my wife should tell him on the next pay day that she wouldn't need him but one month longer, and that he must look around for another place. And so for several days we let the matter rest, and in our evenings talked about how we were ever going to get the outside man to keep the garden clean, and how to make our school boy do any manual labor, and how to get the amah to come on time, and how—

But as pay day drew near my wife seemed worried again and she brought the matter of Ko's notification up again.

"I just can't bear to think of the scolding he will get," she said, "and the family will be so hard up, and the winter's coming on, and I don't know what he can do. I can't recom-

mend him to anyone, and besides there is no one who is out of a servant. Poor fellow! I just haven't the heart to do it."

"Poor fellow your grandmother," I said. "If he's no good let him go. Why, what's the use of worrying about it. Just say the word and let him scoot. He's strong and able-bodied, and can work all right. Pshaw, you make me tired! I wouldn't hesitate any more about it. Besides, you are giving him a whole month's time in which to prepare."

Well, I don't know, but my wife's mind seemed to have changed on the matter, and since she was the one concerned directly I said little more, but it did seem to me that she might have spoken the word. So she decided to try a little more training, and she expressed her hopes of having a good cook after all.

The days wore on. I became quite used to finding my wife in the kitchen, so I staid at my office later and later. Occasionally I would ask about Ko, but my wife was too tired to talk much about him, and she had to spend her nights in studying for her Bible class. Then one night she stopped her study, and turned to me of her own accord.

"I had such a nice little visit with Mrs. K. today," she said, "Mrs. K. is such an excellent housekeeper, and her servants are so good. We were talking about Ko, and she said he was absolutely hopeless. She knew him when Mrs. L. had him, and he was just the same way then. Well, I told her that I hated to turn him out, and she said it was hard to discharge servants, so she always made her husband do it for her, as men don't mind such things. I don't know why I hadn't thought of that before. So you must just tell him right away tomorrow that he must leave."

I don't know why it was, but I was awake a good deal that night; I had quite a bit on my mind to worry me, and then this fellow Ko. It must be awful to have such a scold of a mother-in-law. And then the children of his, what would they all do? So I thought over the matter a little, and the next morning I said to my wife;—

"My dear, I have been thinking over that matter of Ko, and I really don't believe it would be the best thing to fire him. You wouldn't better yourself at all. In fact it would be very hard to find a man with such a disposition as he has. Why, you might get a perfect terror—there are such, you know—and then what would you do? Talk about worry, you'd have something to worry about then, sure enough!"

"You make me tired," she replied; "why, I couldn't get a more incompetent servant if I searched the East. Besides, I haven't gone ahead blindly. There's the Blank's cook. They are on furlough, you know, and their cook is out of a job at present, and she's fine, one of the best around anywhere. And she's very anxious to get work."

Well, it did begin to look pretty bad for Ko! Poor fellow! Just then he came into the room where we were talking. He had just boiled a kettle of water, and was bringing it in for my wife to use. And he knew how to boil water just dandy, too. And we about to discharge him! Poor Ko, this may be the last time you will ever get to boil water in our house! I just couldn't help but feel sorry for him when I thought of his family. He held up his right hand. It was swollen dreadfully, and was very evidently badly infected.

"Why, you must have that lanced at once," said my wife, "You must see the doctor right away."

So we gave him a note and sent him off, and I went to school. When I came home at dinner, Ko was still absent.

"The doctor says he will have to be out several days," said my wife. "His hand is pretty bad."

"Well," said I, "it won't do to discharge him now; I guess you see that. He would think it was on account of this, and we don't want him going off feeling that way. We will have to wait till he gets well."

My wife agreed to this, and so we waited, spending our spare time trying to solve the problem of how to discipline the young widow my wife was helping so that she wouldn't

grow lazy—the widow, not my wife. We decided that the widow must work harder.

Then one day Ko came back! Several days passed. After one of these days my wife said:—

"Ko's well. It is time to keep your promise."

Now I had no recollection of any promise; indeed, I had made none, and so I told my wife.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. Ko must be discharged. I just cannot stand him."

"But just think of his family, and his mother-in-law, and what a scolding he will get, and now they will all starve."

"Starve your grandmother, she's able-bodied, and he can work. It's easy enough to say the word, and he will take care of the rest."

Several days more dragged by. I couldn't look Ko in the face. Finally I told my wife I would tell him on Tuesday night, the last day of the month. And Tuesday night came. My wife met me at the door,

"You just must tell Ko tonight," she said, "for I've engaged the Blank's cook to come tomorrow."

I didn't eat much supper; how could I when I thought of poor Ko! To think that in a few minutes I would have to seal his fate. My wife went out in the kitchen after the meal to make a few arrangements. I must have been pacing the floor when she came back.

"Why," she said, "you are like Napoleon before Waterloo. What is the matter? Ko is just about to blow the lamp out so you had better hurry if you want to catch him."

I swallowed my heart which had insisted on coming to the top of my throat, put on a brave countenance, and went out.

"I have some words to say to you, Mr. Ko. If you ever want any help come to me for it. But we can't employ you any longer and you must leave tomorrow."

My, but I was getting it all out! It was the fastest Korean I had ever spoken. Ko looked at me for several minutes getting the matter dissolved in his brain. When it had sunk in he looked up.

"I was going to tell you but hadn't had time," said he, "that Mr. J. from the mines wants me to work from next week for him. He offers me twice the salary I am getting now. I am just awfully sorry that I will have to leave you. I don't know how your wife will manage, but times are so hard I cannot stay any longer."

Things Korean.

Chung-ju Conference Notes.

By F. S. MILLER.

Kim was speaking of our need of the Holy Spirit. "It is impossible for us to repent without the Holy Spirit. Right here in our town I knew a gambler who lost all he possessed and, to break himself of gambling, he cut off the thumb with which he drew out his cards. With his hand tied up he hung around the gambling rooms watching the others. By the time he had the bandage off, he was sitting among his pals, drawing out his cards most expertly with his first and second fingers. But when a man believes and receives the Spirit into his heart, the devil opens the door of his heart a little crack, looks in, sees the Holy spirit, and runs away as fast as he can." The Koreans sometimes bait their tigertraps with a dog, and it was to this that Pak referred when he quoted a Korean proverb as saying; "A fish dies from coveting a worm, a tiger from coveting a dog and a man from coveting a dollar."

The pastor, speaking of the great spiritual blessings Korea has received, said: "When I was in Tokio several years ago I found that out of every hundred Chinese students there only one was a Christian while out of every hundred Korean students in Tokio, fourteen are Christians.

SUBJECT: How we ought to treat our wives.

COLPORTEUR KIM: "If we do not love our wives for any other reason we ought to love them because they prepare our rice for us. Why, even a beggar loves the very gourd in which he collects his alms. There was a beggar in our town who loved his gourd so much that he always put it down beside him when he went to sleep. If, in the night, he happened to strike it with his hand he would draw it up to his side and say: "Ah! it's my gourd."

SUBJECT: False professions.

MR. PAK: "We cannot fool Satan very long

with put on prayers and groans. He knows whether we are saved or not. Once a tiger was out looking for something to eat and, for the first time in his life, saw a donkey. Out of curiosity he kept going closer and closer when, all of a sudden, the donkey stuck his nose and tail out as far as he could and let out an unearthly he-haw———The tiger went over that hill so fast you would have to possess eyesight to have seen him.

The next day he came back and, sitting on a rock on the hilltop, he watched the donkey bray several times, feeling less scared each time. Finding that it was only noise he kept drawing closer and closer, and when he went over the hill again it was the donkey that was invisible. So, as I said, you cannot fool Satan many days with false professions."

COMMISARY KIM'S TESTIMONY.

The Christians had canvassed the city and filled the church with their unbelieving neighbors. The stereopticon had made its attack on Eye Gate and withdrawn while Ear Gate was being assaulted.

Commissary Kim stepped on to the platform and said: "You know how I lost my son recently through cholera. When I heard he was ill at Severance Hospital, Seoul, I went up to take care of him. I found him in a large, clean room and in charge of a nurse who did everything according to his watch: now giving him milk, now medicine, now feeling his pulse, and taking far better care of him than you or I ever took of our parents."

"After my son died, I asked the nurse how he could work so hard for an entire stranger. He replied: 'It is not I who do it, but Jesus within me. Praise Him.'"

"My son being dead, what could a country man like me do in the capital to prepare the body for burial? One of the men coming in and seeing me worrying about it, said: 'Don't

worry. Jesus has arranged it all.' I replied: 'That's all right, but how can Jesus make a coffin lined with tin and provide hemp in which to wrap my son?' He replied: 'Never worry, Jesus has done it all. Just pray to Him.' I asked what he meant. He answered: 'The Doctor has already given orders for the coffin and everything is being arranged, and you can pay for them when you go back home.' See that! Jesus had done it all through the Doctor."

"Then I began to worry about how I could get the body one hundred miles down here. When they would not let even a sick man on the train, how would they allow us to take the body of a man who had died of Cholera? But the nurse said: 'Now don't worry, Jesus has done that too.' 'How could Jesus do it? I ask-

ed. 'He has done it already through the Doctor who wrote to the authorities and obtained an order to the railway to take the body on the train! See that! Who but Jesus could have moved them all to do such a thing for a man like me. It was all because Jesus was in their hearts. Jesus! Jesus!' 'It is Jesus who moved an American to spend many tens of thousands of yen to build a hospital to heal sick Koreans he never saw. Where was such a thing heard of here till Jesus came to Korea? It's Jesus! Jesus! It is Jesus sent the Americans down here to Chung Ju to start this church and teach us about God. It's Jesus! What you and I need to do is to give our hearts to Him and trust and serve Him and he will enable us to love as He loves.'"

A Revival Incident.

By E. M. C.

A Methodist Evangelist, was invited to conduct a revival meeting in a Presbyterian church. He relates the following.

The Church building in which the meetings were to be held was too small to accomodate the crowds that were expected to attend, so an awning was secured and raised over the yard in front of the little Church. The ground underneath the awning was covered with straw mats. After all the preparations had been completed we made a canvass of the houses in the village and invited the people to come to the services. Our invitations met with a very hearty response. The very first evening a large crowd came. Even the local magistrate was there. When I arose to speak a great sea of faces greeted me. After a very earnest prayer I began my first Gospel message. The theme was, 'Repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' I had great liberty. In the development of the sermon I spoke directly to their hearts. I was not preaching to tickle their ears. Precious souls were in the balance. I cried out that men and women without Christ are lost and unless you here to-night accept Him, you too will be lost. The meeting closed and I returned to my hotel. The next morning a committee of the Church members called upon me and said; "There is a terrible uproar in the village. Many of the people there are terribly angry at what you said about them last night. Others are in great agony about their sins because you told them the truth. It is reported that some of the more desperate ones are coming to stone

you. What do you think ought to be done?" Upon hearing their report I was very happy and said, "Jesus rebuked the Jews for their sins and they were angry at him, and I too must rebuke the sins of my people even though they stone me. Go back and tell them that I did this because I loved them and not because I hated them. Invite them to come to the service again to-night." The second evening I hardly knew what to expect but went to the Church at the appointed time. I was surprised to find another great crowd there. Even many of those who wanted to stone me were there. They came to hear what I would say this time. I preached on, "Christ the life-giving fountain." All listened carefully and before the sermon was done the congregation was deeply stirred. A number surrendered to Christ. The Spirit had now begun His work and before the meetings closed several hundred confessed Christ and found forgiveness and peace.

When I was about to leave for home several hundred Christians invited me to a farewell service. In the meeting one of them arose and on behalf of the others said, "It gives me great pleasure to present you this gold signet ring as a token of our love and esteem for you. Please accept it as the price of our insulting you when you first came." In reply I thanked them heartily and said, "The price of insult is a beating. You should have beaten me with a club. Since you have given me this beautiful signet ring I am more grateful than ever."

The Demand for Christian Literature.

By GERALD BONWICK.

It is most interesting to observe the increasing demand among Korean Christians for a better literature. Some years ago the average Church member thought that all he required was a New Testament and a hymnbook. There is no diminution in the sale of these, we have just printed a new edition of 50,000 of the latter, but of late all kinds of devotional, biographical and theological books, books on Bible Study and Sunday School organization, Commentaries and Magazines are being asked for in large numbers. In the hope of meeting some of these wants there are now over thirty small Christian bookstores lately opened in various parts of the country, entirely apart from the regular book-rooms at Mission Stations and the colporteurs constantly at work, and they are mostly run upon a cash basis. They are undoubtedly helping very considerably in the distribution of our publications and their number is being added to almost every week. It is a common thing to get letters from Korean customers telling of the new interest the Christians are taking in our literature and of the efforts they are making to have stocks of books on hand in their vicinity.

Another development of late has been the launching of two Christian magazines. For the "Theological Review" (quarterly) we have received almost 2000 subscriptions and for the "Bible Magazine" (bi-monthly) nearly 1000 annual subscriptions. This is another indica-

tion of the great desire that exists for a new Christian literature and our perplexity at the present time to meet the demands. The readers are here, the purchase money is in their hands, but where are the books? What authors are preparing them for the members of our Churches, for our Sunday School scholars and for the non-Christian crowds?

Few people realize that the Korean Religious Book and Tract Society ranks high among the most successful organizations for the distribution of Christian literature in the world. Through the kindness of Dr. Darroch of China I am able to give some very impressive vital statistics for the Far East, which show how well the Korean Society compares with others, especially when populations and grants from the Home bases are considered.

I am sorry that the 1917 statistics for the Japan Book & Tract Society are not available yet. Apparently the China Societies do not include General Secretary's maintenance in their Total Income as is done by the Japan and Korea Societies. It should also be noted that our own Total Income includes ¥5,972 raised privately for the Building fund and ¥4,335 contributed as Mission appropriations for General Secretary's maintenance. It will be seen that our circulation compares most encouraging with those of the great Societies in China, and that the income from our sales is very much higher than any. This seems to indicate that our free grants are fewer and that our books sell at a higher price than those of the China societies.

Circulation, Sales and Income of Tract and Literature Societies in the Far East, 1917.

SOCIETY	CIRCULATION (ISSUED)	SALES	WORKING EXPENSES	TOTAL INCOME	GRANTS FROM HOME BASE
R. T. S. of China, North & Central	1,670,897	M\$16,902	M\$ 6,538	M\$27,131	M\$6,384
Chinese Tract Society	976,600	M\$ 6,955	M\$ 4,696	M\$18,492	M\$2,322
West China R. T. S.	1,705,030	M\$ 5,590	M\$ 3,962	M\$10,749	M\$1,367
South Fukien R. T. S.	126,065	M\$ 4,394	M\$ 241	M\$ 5,171	M\$ 511
C. L. S. of China	not stated	M\$ 7,600	M\$ 6,491	M\$10,469	M\$4,965
Japan Book & T. Society (1916)	1,423,067	Yen 15,967	Yen 13,978	Yen 23,065	Yen 4,220
Korean R. Book & Tract Society	1,513,730	Yen 23,995	Yen 13,123	Yen 35,763	Yen 676

Notes and Personals.

Rev. Eugene Bell and family, with Rev. J. V. N. Talmage and family, all of Kwangju, arrived in Yokohama March 24th en route to Korea after a short furlough spent in the United States.

Mr. Bell who went home for medical examination and treatment, is reported to be much improved, which will be welcome news to his many friends in Korea.

Mr. Talmage's furlough was cut short as he was called back to take charge of the Boys' School at Kwangju. This was necessitated by reason of the shortage of workers in that Station.

Rev. D. James Cumming arrived in Korea March 28th, and will be connected with the Southern Presbyterian Mission, being assigned to work at Kwangju Station.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinehart sailed for the United States, April 20th, on their regular furlough. Mrs. Swinehart, who has been ill for several weeks, has almost entirely recovered her usual good health. During Mr. Swinehart's absence from Korea Rev. P. S. Crane will act as Assistant Secretary and Treasurer of the Mission. He should be addressed at Mokpo.

Little Letitia, the four months old daughter of Rev. and Mrs J. C. Crane, Soonchun, was called Home on March 16th, following an illness of only four hours. Death was caused by pneumonia.

On March 5th, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, was born to the Rev. and Mrs. Soltau of Kangkei.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Mills of the Northern Presbyterian Mission left Seoul on furlough on April 1.

Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Fletcher of the Northern Presbyterian Mission at Taiku have returned to the United States on account of the ill-health of Dr. Fletcher.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Richard, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Barnhart of the Y. M. C. A., on the April 4th.

Early in April we were glad to welcome to our midst a deputation of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, consisting of Dr. Berry and the Rev. E. F. Bell. They were accompanied by Drs. Pedley and Warren of their mission in Japan.

Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Moose are now located at 816 South Edith Street, Albuquerque, N. M. Their daughter, Mary, is now Mrs. Mark Goodman, living in Greensboro, N. Carolina.

Miss Pearce of the M. E. Mission, South, left for home on April 2nd on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Mrs. J. S. Nisbet of the Southern Presbyterian Mission has just received word that her sister has been killed in an automobile accident in Atlanta, Ga.

In March a daughter was born to Dr. and Mrs. W. Taylor of the Australian Presbyterian Mission at Tong Yeng.

A son, Norman, was born to the Rev. J. F. L. Macrae of the Australian Presbyterian Mission at Masanpo in March.

Miss M. L. Alexander of the Australian Presbyterian Mission has returned to the field after an absence of two years.

Mrs. R. S. Hall, M. D. of the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church, North, sails on May 4th for the United States on furlough.

In a Faculty meeting of the Government Medical school held recently it was decided to not only graduate the three Korean women students but to see that they are provided with the Government-General's license to practise medicine without any further examination. They have all received medical appointments under the W. F. M. S. of the M. E. Church, North.

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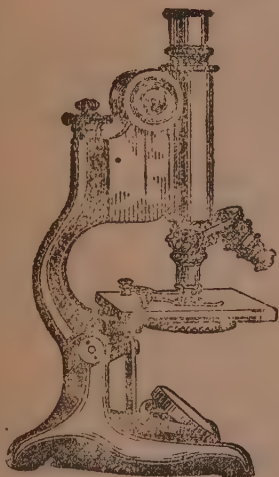
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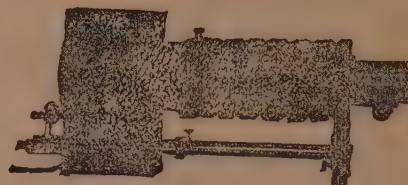
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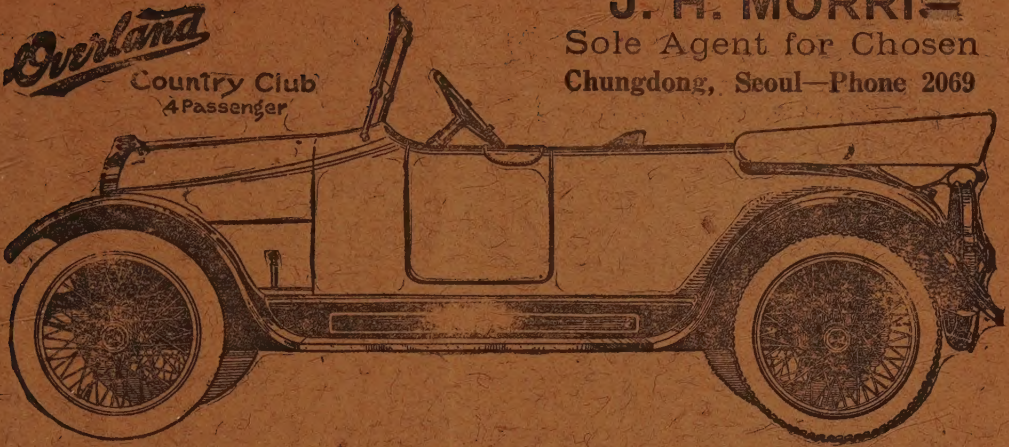
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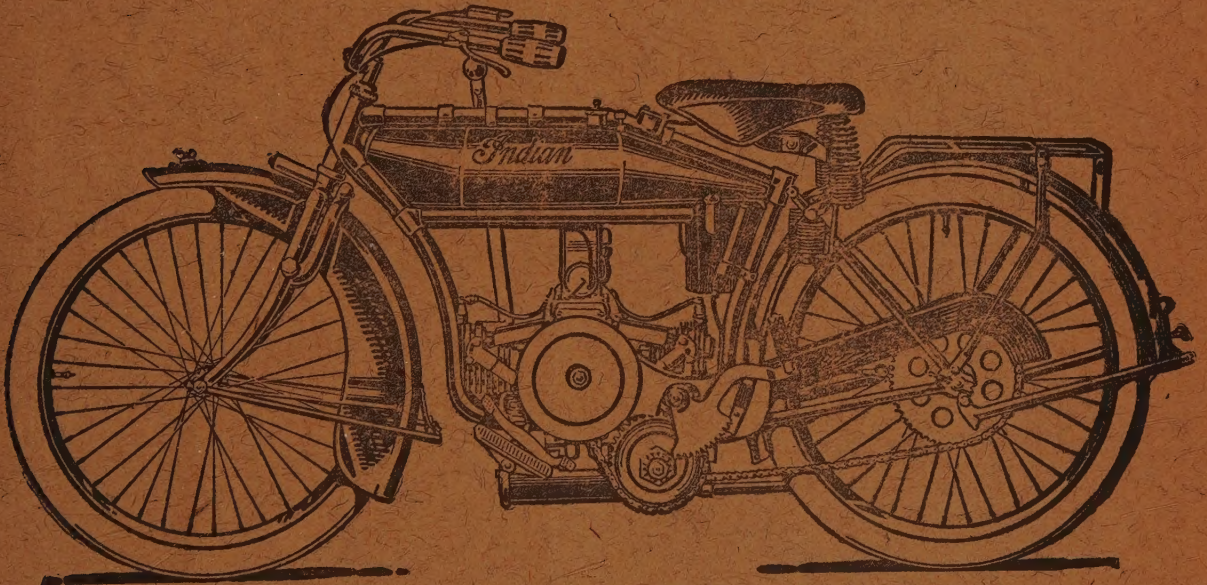
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